THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE members composing the Easy Club, by whose united endeavours, the Companion was originally established and supported, having found any further attention to it incompatible with their individual avocations, it was left for some months, to the precarious supply of the Communication Box; which has not proved a very fertile source, for enriching its pages, either with instruction or amusement. Aware, however, of the advantages which may result to society, from a well conducted periodical paper, the members of this Club, have determined to resume their labours, and devote their talents to promote its utility.

The editorial part of it is deputed to one, who is actuated by the most ardent desire, of advancing general improvement.

In addition to the objects of literature, the Companion has hitherto embraced, the Editor conceives, it might take in a wider field with much advantage.

Various events that occurred during the revolution of this country, are alive in the memories of many; but yet are not generally known. The recital of private acts of heroism, performed at such a period, must awaken an interest, and give a glow of pleasure, to the breast of every American reader. Anecdotes of this nature, would with much propriety form a part of such a publication.

The talents of poets, orators and historians have been employed, to celebrate and record the actions of all those who have moved in a distinguished sphere, while perhaps, the biography of such characters as have shone in the humbler career of private life, might be attended with more important advantage to the generality of readers.—Hence, the lives of persons who have shed lustre on the human character, by the practice of every social virtue, would form a useful, and not uninteresting part of the Companion; and every communication of this nature will be most cordially received.

Many persons are disposed to improve their minds, but not having a judicious instructor, to point out works, that might be perused with advantage, they read promiscuously whatever comes in their way, and thus, rather collect a quantity of undigested matter, than enlarge their minds with useful knowledge. The library of this city contains a variety of excellent authors: It is open to every one: A review of these books, together with a recommendation of such as are best adapted to promote general improvement, would prove very effectual in aiding the growing taste of this community.

Those whose talents would enable them to give this paper distinction, and who are so patriotic as to desire, the amelioration of manners, the cultivation of taste, and the diffusion of information amongst their fellow-citizens, will, it is hoped, lend their assistance to the Companion; that whilst wealth and luxury make such rapid progress in our city, we may not be found deficient, in that which might contribute to blend with our more sterling merits, the softer graces of polished life.

THE BY-STANDER.—No. IX.

Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque Puer. HOR.

The youth who hopes the Olympic Prize to gain
All arts must try and every toil sustain. FRANCIS.

The study of the sciences is so intricate and abstruse in the commencement that there are few minds that are not depressed before they gain a sufficient insight into their beauties to render them agreeable. The mind wanders between ignorance and abstrucities which appear unintelligible and is unable to satiate itself among the many difficulties which arise and annoy it. It is this that perplex-

es a student at his first onset and renders him fickle and wavering between a desire and a supposed inability to overcome the embarrassments of the study. There is but one way of surmounting these obstacles, which I need scarcely say is *perseverance*, which alone enables us to gain a thorough knowledge of every science; by which we are to clear away the rubbish and superfluous brambles that circumvest the tree of knowledge and fairly pluck the dainty flower, whose fragrance will refresh and whose taste will renovate us, after the toil and difficulty of obtaining it.

There is something so noble in perseverance, so manly in an undaunted fortitude to overcome the few obstacles which are always to be met with in study, that nothing short of the end pursued could be a sufficient reward for it. On the contrary, a mind so fragile, so weak, so fantastical, as to be daunted at such trifling incidents, receives a just recompence in not obtaining the benefits which unquestionably would emanate from a strict perseverance. The Lapidary zealously cleaves the earthy particles or gangue from the pure diamond, and by persevering assiduity draws out its native splendour and unsullied polish, which crowns his labour with its just reward, and is a sufficient compensation for all his toil. Just so is it with the student; he must with fortitude overcome the obstacles which oppose him, and as it were divest a work of its extraneous matter, if he would bring out its intrinsic lustre, and receive a remuneration of his exertions.—The mind is always roving after novelty; it is naturally fickle and inconstant, it therefore requires our most unremitting exertions to restrict it within the bounds of discretion, that it may by perseverance obtain that noble and exalted state so well suited to its greatness. It was a saying of the *younger Pliny* that there was no book from which he did not receive some benefit; and sure the experience of every sensible man confirms it; even the *Bystander* flatters himself with a modest assurance that his lucubrations, however weak and feeble the attempt, do to those who favour him with an attentive perusal, afford some satisfaction, some entertainment; perhaps some of the fair sex may smile upon them and coalesce in their sentiments; then sure his wishes are crowned and he feels himself sufficiently rewarded for his labour, and will persevere in his little work as long as Mr. Easy will honour him with his sanction. The most refined and most noble sciences are to a person unacquainted with their beauties, dry, unpleasant and unengaging; the mind would grasp at their excellencies at once, imbibe their beauties while the novelty pleased, but when it finds itself unable to attain that end it falls into langour and impotency to proceed; the unentertaining pages seem a difficulty too great to be opposed, and it gives up the contest perhaps at the moment it was gaining an insight into its excellencies, which would smooth the path and render those things which before appeared as difficulties, light and inconsiderable when compared with the enjoyments to which they pointed. No man would ever have found out the intrinsic worth of a Locke, a Baxter, or a Reid, had they attended to those obstacles which of all others abound most in *metaphysics*. This noble, this exalted study, which to a young beginner appears to be most surrounded with those difficulties, so amply repays the labour of obtaining a knowledge of it that no toil would be thought too arduous which would be crowned with such success. It is by perseverance we are to obtain a proficiency in any science; the mind is always averse to difficulties and entangling cogitation, but when once it has overcome them and sees its way clear and unobstructed, it exults in the victory and feels an expansive glow not easily described. It very frequently happens that a student of a particular science will apply himself to the newest and most fashionable authors, and discard those which they call musty volumes merely, because he had not perseverance to read them; when, did he attentively study them, he would often find some noble thoughts and well founded ideas arise amid all their dryness, which would amply repay him for his labour.

We are not to read the beauties of an author only, but we should follow him through every thought, if we would thoroughly comprehend him and reap that benefit from him which we ought to do. By a hasty and cursory view of an author we often imbibe erroneous principles and apply misconstructions to his work; when, did we studiously read and diligently search for its beauties, we would probably find them in those very places we ignorantly condemned.

> "Errors like straws upon the surface flow,
> He that would search for pearls must dive below."

As soon as the gloss of novelty is tarnished, and the student begins to perceive the dryness of study, he falls into a langour and feels an aversion to it, and would willingly exchange it for some other which he thinks would suit him better. It is now that I would strenuously recommend perseverance: a little fortitude, a little courage to surmount the seeming difficult ascent, would open to his view an unbounded prospect. He would look abroad into its beauties, and feel an ambition to participate in its benignity. It is then that he would feel his exertions crown-

ed with their sweet reward; the difficulties which once marred his procedure have vanished, and he would find himself in a fertile garden culling the choicest flowers that rise to deck his assiduity. I might extend my observations to the statesman, the merchant, and, in short, to every profession or occupation; but my intention being only to apply them to the study of the sciences, I will conclude with an assurance, that without perseverance we can never obtain a dignified station in life or become citizens worthy of imitation or respect. S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas several persons have declared themselves acquainted with me, and have actually asserted that they are so far ingratiated in my confidence as to have the perusal of my essays before they are sent to the Companion; I hereby request all persons to consider them as *white lies*, fashionable in the *Beau Monde*, and to respect them only as a substitute for rational conversation, ☞ now obsolete.

THE BY-STANDER.

Mr. Easy,

I had resolved to treat your "black and white" correspondent with silent contempt. But the strong disposition to be merciful which I possess, has perhaps overruled justice, and inclined me to send you the following letter, which I received from a friend soon after the publication of "Hardhead's" very convincing arguments.

Dear Jonathan,

I was not a little surprised, on my return from the country, to see your signature in one of our late Companions, for, thought I, sure Softhead is the last person I should suspect of troubling himself with literature; but, upon reading your letter, the mystery was immediately explained, and I found that, pricked on by honour, you were laudably contending for the dignity and fame of your family. I have since seen something which Hardhead terms a reply. Pray is not this same Hardhead a relation of your's? If I mistake not, he married your cousin Margaret Knocksoftly! all the Wouldbeknowings are also nearly related to you by the mother's side, though he pretends not to know it. What an ill-natured, morose creature he must be indeed to call you a "talkative bantling," &c. merely because you wished to preserve your bones from the mangling and craunching teeth of Miss Eliza.

Neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus
Unquam, nisi in dispar feris.

No doubt he expects to be called "dear creature" now by the ladies, since he has so manfully defended their stile. He says "it is quite characteristic in the ladies to threaten *what they will do*." Had he been less bewildered by the magnitude of his case, he would have said, it is quite characteristic in the ladies to threaten what they *will not* do; he however, "dear creature," in endeavouring to journey to Rome, and Athens, got his head so muddled, that nothing better could be expected from him.

My Lord Hardhead, forsooth, must be a scholar; nay, he must be a greater one than any body else, for he has made "Cæsar & the murderers," contemporaries with Tarquinius Superbus, who most people think lived near five hundred years before them. To me it seems impossible to pass over this boisterous part of his "reply," without exclaiming,

Parturiunt montes nascitur ridiculus mus.

Hardhead may banish his apprehensions of being dubbed "Sentimental Scoundrel," by a very respectable, honourable, and "great man of the present day;" for the chances are ten to one if either he or his writing will be noticed by that gentleman, unless in a *professional* way.

Who that possesses the smallest share of intellectual discernment, can read Sterne's works and not be convinced of the justice of the judgment passed on him. He indeed must be a wiseacre, who cannot bring his hardhead to a similar decision, on the character of a man who printed his sermons under the nickname signature of Yorick, jester, or buffoon, to the king of Denmark! who under his ecclesiastical cloak used the most indecent, and most disgraceful expressions which man could utter; who speaking of his own writings says, "I know what I am doing whilst I write the first sentence; but for all subsequent sentences I depend on Providence!" who though while living, possessed superabundant means of securing to himself, and family, much more than the necessaries of life, died in debt, leaving a helpless wife, and children, to depend on the too often scanty hand of charity, for their sustenance and raiment. Nor was his money spent in any laudable way, to serve his country, or his God; but solely to gratify his insatiable desire after worldly extravagance! And this is the man "who presumed to feel and was bold to declare his feelings!" But let not his merit be *extenuated wherein he was worthy*, it is a pity that so many fine morals were buried by him in such obscene language; yet many parts of his works are excellent in themselves; sure every body knows with what pathos he has drawn the story of Le Fevre in his Tristam Shandy. But pardon this long digression—I will now return to the point.

Were I called upon to give my opinion of the prevailing customs, and fashions of our young ladies, I certainly would not begin with accusing them of rashness, for having thrown off those globular bodies, formerly called hooped petticoats; thus rendering themselves defenceless, and of course subject to the sudden incursions of those hideous monsters men. Neither would I condemn them because they have only substituted a thin satin, or muslin petticoat, and crape frock, each about a yard in circumference! And why should I mention that when confined within these curtailed, short dresses, they make too many nice courtesies, graceful twists, and delicate bends, for the purpose of displaying to the greatest advantage their angelic forms! Undoubtedly it would be deemed highly impertinent in me, to unite in the waltz dance a modern Circe thus accoutred, to the arms of a passionate Hardhead, or a wanton Hothead! And how could I dare to aver, that the young ladies of our most polished circles, have countenanced the vile practice of cursing and swearing! No, in my humble opinion, if some few of the fair sex have been a little too sportive, free or unguarded in their behaviour, they will not be led to amend their conduct because we accuse them of, or scold them for faults greatly exaggerated in our charge. I must confess that my conception of the nature of the female heart, is much more lofty, and I am bold to say that my ideas on this subject do not differ very much from those of the thinking part of mankind. Woman is not a degraded animal, that requires the scourge, or the lash to keep her in the path of virtue, or of prudence; she spurns at the insults of self-conceited pride; but her heart is ever open to conviction. Use that gentle persuasive language which it can understand, and you may accomplish whatever is proper.

Credulity is woman's greatest failing. Conscious of no intention on her own part to deceive, and knowing, too little of the extent of human depravity, how often, alas! hath the innocent female been deluded, nay, ruined, by the dark designing villain, who holds no reign over his lusts, who sets no bounds to his crimes. Considering that this failing in the fair sex, might be in a great measure removed, or entirely eradicated if more attention was paid to the education of children, how distressing the thought, that parents, who have had years of experience, and who certainly have arrived at the age of discretion, and reflection, should daily injure their children by not instructing them. "There is scarcely any argument in favour of the liberal education of our sex, that will not with equal, or superior force, apply to the other. *A good education* will often enable them to avoid, and always to bear the inconveniencies of domestic life. It will render them objects desirable to men of sense, who at least promise more of domestic happiness, in a union with them, than the ignorant and the vulgar. It will enable them to be nice and accurate in their choice, both of books and companions. It will make them better advisers, better mothers, better members of society. It will remove the necessity of resorting to trifling, perhaps criminal amusements to pass off time: nor is this an object of light concern; since I cannot help thinking that much of the profligacy of the age, may be attributed to the neglect of female education." *Gregory's Essays, page* 162.

Knowing, my friend Softhead, that you are averse to reading long letters, I will now conclude with averring that nothing which I have just said, has been intended by me to lessen that praise to which the female society of Baltimore are so justly entitled; on the contrary, I have ever been delighted with observing how courteously they daily seek the temple of knowledge; how often they are decorated by the industry of their own hands, and with what charming, unaffected modesty, they regulate their general conduct. But what words can express the pleasure I have experienced on hearing the afflicted widow and orphan, bestowing thousands of blessings on them for those charities, and acts of kindness, which they so frequently afford to the poor!

Dear Softhead, I have now no more paper, or with what pleasure could I still sit and enumerate each female excellency. Adieu. Yours respectfully,

ROBERT ROUNDHEAD.

Mr. Easy,

In looking over the 24th number of the Companion, I perceived some observations relative to the prevalence of dissipation in this city, and particularly among the youth. I sincerely lament, that my own observation obliges me to say, your charges are but too just; and were I possessed of ability sufficient, I should long ere this have addressed you on this important subject, endeavouring to stem, if possible, the mighty torrent, which endangers the principle of goodness, and aims a deadly blow at all that's amiable. But being myself a youth, and well aware of my own incapacity for so great an undertaking, as that of correcting the vices of others—have been a silent observer—but lamented that I had not the eloquence of a Cicero that I might persuade them to become sensible of the errors into which they have fallen—and induce them to turn

with horror from the delusions of dissipation—which certainly cannot promote their temporal or eternal felicity.

I hope, dear sir, you will employ your talent for the suppression of vice; for I am sensible it would give you much satisfaction, to be the mean of snatching from the gulf of misery, only one fellow-mortal, who would otherwise be lost to himself, to society and his God.

——————Dissipation hideous!
Although thou art the bane of all things good and virtuous,
Yet man, degraded man, pays adoration to thee.
Altho' thou art as drops of deleterious hemlock,
Yet art thou cherish'd, as a darling gift of heav'n!
Where are the joys, which thou to man wouldst yield,
Or where the comforts, which so richly flow
From thy unhallowed source of woe and infamy?
Dost thou give comfort to the broken-hearted;
Or offer balm of consolation to distress?
Embracing thee, can mortals hope to find
The path to happiness; the joys of heaven?
That thou shouldst thus with domineering influence
Preside o'er those whom virtue ought to guide.
Can you fresh laurels place on hero's brows,
Or give new lustre to the charms of beauty?
Alleviate our griefs for loss of relatives,
Or drive infuriate discord from its influence
O'er those whose vows, at sacred altar giv'n,
To love and cherish, while the lamp of life shall last,
And whom, some fascinating charm allures
To break the vows, their God was witness to?
No! shameless Dissipation. Thy presence adds
Fresh fuel to the fire—and gives to injur'd innocence just cause
To reprobate thee, as heightening all its misery.
Sad thought, that man, the image of his God,
The noblest work of his creating power,
Should thus drive heedless on, with strides gigantic,
To embrace his passport to eternal misery. M.

LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER ESQ.

(Concluded from our last.)

The very sweet stanzas that Cowper has written on friendship, would be alone sufficient to prove, that his heart and spirit were most tenderly alive to all the delicacy and delight of that inestimable connection. He was indeed such a friend himself, as the voice of wisdom describes, in calling a true friend, "the medicine of life:" and though misfortune precluded him in his early days from the enjoyments of connubial love, and of professional prosperity, he may be esteemed as singulary happy in this very important consolatory privilege of human existence; particulary in his friendships with that finer part of the creation, whose sensibility makes them most able to relish, or to call forth the powers of diffident genius, and to alievaite the pressure of mental affiiction. It may be questioned if any poet on the records of Parnassus ever enjoyed a confidential intimacy, as Cowper did, with a variety of accomplished women; maintaining, at the same time, consummate innocence of conduct.

Pre-eminent as he was in warmth and vigour of fancy and affection, the quickness and strength of his understanding were proportioned to the more perilous endowments of his mind. Though he had received from nature lively appetites and passions, his reason held them in the most steady and laudable subjection.

The only internal enemy of his peace and happiness, that his intellect could not subdue, was one tremendous idea mysteriously impressed on his fervent imagination in a scene of a bodily disorder, and at such periods recurring upon his mind with an overwhelming influence, which not all the admirable powers of his own innocent, upright spirit, nor all the united aids of art and nature, were able to counteract. Though he was sometimes subject to imaginary fears, he maintained, in his season of health, a most magnanimous reliance on the kindness of Heaven.

He also possessed and exerted that becoming fortitude, which teaches a man to support, under various trials, the sober respect which he owes to himself. Praise, however exalted, did not intoxicate him; and detraction was unable to poison his pure sense of his own merit.* Cowper possessed, in his original motives for appearing in the character of a poet, the best possible preservative against his double infelicity of mind. His predominant desire was to render his poetry an instrument of good to mankind; his love of fame was but a secondary passion.

Accident, idleness, want, spleen, love, and the passion for fame have all, in ther turn, had such an occasional influence over the human faculties, as to induce men of considerable mental powers to devote themselves to the composition of verse: but the poetical character of Cowper appears to have had a much nobler origin. He was formed a poet by thé munificence of Nature and the decrees of Heaven: he seems to have received his rare poetical powers from Providence, to compensate the pressure of much personal calamity, and to enable him to become, though secluded, by irregular health, from the worldly business, and from the ordinary pastime of men, a singular benefactor to mankind. He had cultivated his native talents for poetry in early life, and his mind had been engaged in such studies as form, perhaps, the best possible preparation for great

* His infinite good nature, as a literary man, is strikingly exemplified in the indulgent condescension with which he gratified two successive clerks of Northampton, in writting for them their annual copy of mortuary verses. He thought like the amiable Plutarch, that the most ordinary office may be dignified by a benevolent spirit.

poetical achievments; a fervent application to that book, to which Milton and Young were indebted for their poetical sublimity. Cowper, in reading the Bible, admired and studied the eloquence of the Prophets; he was particularly charmed with the energy of their language in describing the wrath of the Almighty.

By his zealous attention to the Scripture, he incessantly treasured in his own capacious mind those inexhaustible stores of sentiment and expression, which enabled him gradually to ascend the purest heights of poetical renown; which rendered him, at last, what he ardently wished to prove, the Poet of Christianity, the Monitor of the World.*

Cowper has accomplished, as a poet, the sublimest object of poetical ambition; he has dissipated the general prejudice that held it hardly possible for a modern author to succeed in sacred poetry; he has proved, that verse and devotion are natural allies; he has shown, that true poetical genius cannot be more honourably, or more delightfully, employed, than in diffusing, through the heart and mind of man, a filial affection for his Maker, with a firm and cheerful trust in his word. He has sung, in a strain equal to the subject, the blessed advent of universal peace; and perhaps, the temperate enthusiasm of friendship may not appear too presumptuous in supposing, that his poetry will have no inconsiderable influence in preparing the world for a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

We will close this memorial, by applying to him those tender and beautiful verses, which Cowley, one of his favourite poets, addressed to a poetical brother, in all points perhaps, and assuredly in genius, by many degrees his inferior.

"Long did the Muses' banish'd slaves abide,
And build vain pyramids to mortal pride:
Like Moses, thou, though spells and charms withstand,
Hast brought them nobly home, back to their holy land:
Poet and saint, to thee are justly given,
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven."

ON DIVERSIONS.

It is laid down as a principle of action by most young people of fortune, that there is no enjoyment of life without diversion: and this is now carried to such excess, that pleasure seems to be the great object which has taken place of every other. The mistake is very unhappy, as I intend to shew, by taking the other side of the question, and proving that there is no enjoyment of life without work.

The words commonly used to signify play, are these four; relaxation, diversion, amusement, and recreation. The idea of relaxation is taken from a bow, which must be unbent when it is not wanted, to keep up its spring.—Diversion signifies a turning aside from the main purpose of a journey, to see something that is curious and out of the way. Amusement means an occasional forsaking of the Muses, when a student lays aside his books. Recreation is the refreshing of the spirits when they are exhausted with labour, so that they may be ready in due time to resume it again. From these considerations it follows, that the idle man, who has no work, can have no play; for how can he be relaxed who is never bent? how can he turn out of the road, who is never in it? how can he leave the muses who is never with them? how can play refresh him, who is never exhausted with business?

When diversion becomes the business of life, its nature is changed. All rest presupposes labour; and the bed is refreshing to a weary man; but when a man is confined to his bed, he is miserable, and wishes himself out of it. He that has no variety can have no enjoyment; he is surfeited with pleasure, and, in the better hours of reflection, would find a refuge in labour itself. And, indeed, I apprehend there is not a more miserable, as well as a more worthless being, than a young man of fortune who has nothing to do but to find some new way of doing nothing. A sentence is passed upon all poor men, that if they do not work they shall not eat; and it takes effect, in part, against the rich, who, if they are not useful in some respect to the public, are sure to become burthensome to themselves. This blessing goes along with every useful employment, it keeps a man upon good terms with himself, and consequently in good spirits, and in a capacity of pleasing, and being pleased with every innocent gratification. As labour is necessary to procure an appetite to the body, there must also be some previous exercise of the mind to prepare it for enjoyment; indulgence on any other terms is false in itself, and ruinous in its consequences; mirth degenerates into senseless riot, and gratification soon terminates in corruption.

If we compare the different lots of mankind, we shall find that happiness is much more equally distributed than we are apt to think, when we judge by outward appearance. The industrious poor have, in many respects, more enjoyment of life than the idler sort of gentry, who, by their abuse of liberty and wealth, fall into temptations and snares; and in the immoderate pursuit of imaginary

* Cowper published, in 1795, two volumes of poems, and he finished his translation of Homer in March 1799. He took leave of the Muses in an affecting poem, entitled the "Castaway."

pleasures, find nothing in the end but real bitterness. The remedy of all is in this short sentence, "to be useful, is to be happy." If Eugenio had followed the profession for which his father intended him, he might now have been alive, and a happy member of society: but his father dying when he was young, he used his liberty (as he called it) and threw himself upon the world as a man of leisure with a small fortune. His idleness exposed him to bad company, who were idle like himself; they led him into extravagance; extravagance led him into gambling, as a last resort for the repairing of his fortune; but it had a contrary effect, and completed his ruin: his disappointments made him quarrelsome, and a quarrel brought on a duel, in which he lost his life at five and twenty.—In this short account of Eugenio you have the history of many young men of this age, who are bewitched with the ideas of liberty and pleasure; but with this difference, that some are destroyed by others, and some destroy themselves.

The progress is much the same with a nation as with an individual; when they rise from poverty, activity, and industry, to improvement, ease and elegance, they sink into indolence and luxury, which bring on a fever and delirium, till having quarrelled among themselves, and turned their swords against one another, they fall by a sort of political suicide, or become a prey to some foreign enemy.

The author of Letters from a tutor to his pupils says, you are sensible we have taken some pains, and with good reason, in the practice of reading with propriety. It is a matter of the last importance in education, though too generally neglected. Several years are employed in charging the memory with words, while few days are spent in forming the voice and judgment to utter them in a powerful and agreeable manner.

A scholar may be such in theory, when his head is stored with languages, and he can interpret the writings of the Greeks and Romans; but he is no scholar in practice till he can express his own sentiments in a good style, and speak them in a proper manner. A mathematician understands the rationale of musical sounds; but the musician, who charms the ear, and touches the passions, is he who can combine sounds agreeably, according to the rules of art and composition, and perform them well upon an instrument. The dead philosophy of music in the head of a mathematician is like the learning of a Greek and Latin scholar, who can neither write nor read; and there are many such to be found.

A PLAY UPON WORDS.

One telling another, "That he had once so excellent a fowling-piece, that it went off immediately upon a thief's coming into the house, although it was not charged." "How can that be?" said the other. "Because, said he, the thief carried it *off*, and what was worse, before I had time to *charge* him with it.

THE WAR.

A woman in Lancashire being lately told that tallow was risen on account of the war: Dang it, said she, why then I suppose they have ta'en to *fighting* by *candle-light*.

COMPLAINT CONFIRMED.

A gentleman once apologizing to a company for not joining in conversation, said he was afflicted with a cold in his head, *and when that was the case*, he was always *heavy, dull, and stupid*. Upon my soul, then, replied John Wilkes, you are very much to be pitied, for you must have been afflicted with that same *cold in your head* ever since I knew you, which is more than twenty years.

BRITTLE COMFORT.

On a public rejoicing night, a gentleman passing by as the mob were breaking a Quaker's windows in Cheapside, stopped to expostulate with them for the cruelty, as the poor man was sick in bed;—on which one that was near, replied, That the gentleman having for some time laboured under a complication of disorders, the mob were so compassionate as to remove some of his *panes*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Nelson, an Ode"—is postponed.

The invention of *white lies*, noticed by the By-Stander, however fashionable some may wish to render the "substitute," is to be deprecated. Others have complained; and they will be heard.

RUSSEL'S very ingenious and acceptable communication shall be attended to. This writer, with just indignation, spiritedly repels the unprovoked attack. His assailant must have a very *hard head*, if Russel's artillery make no impression on it. We are aiding and abetting neither; but when one writer attacks another, the defendant rightfully claims the priviledge of replication.

"Stephen R." is the signature to a piece which comes, we believe, from one who has *once deceived us*. He commences his sketch with this remarkable declaration—"I am a plain fellow, and an honest fellow;" but how opposite this character to the conduct of him who could *copy* .... and send it to us as *original*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

If you judge the thoughts, contain'd in the following elegy upon the death of a worthy man, Colonel ——, who died in the year 1803, *deserving a place in your Repository, I may, perhaps, be encouraged, to send you now and then, the effusions of better days and spirits.* A. B. C. D-ARIAN.

How ere attuned, the mind, to hope or love,
Catches the visions, as they fleeting rise,
However real, our golden prospects prove,
Or fancy's pictur'd to our sanguine eyes:

Let but, the solemn toll, the death bell sound,
And lo! the fond delusions disappear:—
A dreary waste steals on the prospect round
And marks the dark'ning clouds with gloomy fear.

But ah! how sad, when on a wife's fond breast
The solemn summons, strikes its sick'ning knell
That all her hopes, her infants' hopes arrest
And sounds a husband's father's last farewell.

Oh cruel death! with what resistless sway,
You wave your sceptre o'er our destin'd race!
How vain is youth, or manhood in thy way;
How vain e'en beauty, deck'd with ev'ry grace.

Alike unfearful of th' embattled tower,
Or pitiless, of th' humbler shed in view,
Alike you vice or virtue bend to power
And all mankind resistlessly subdue.

Else hadst thou spar'd my friend, to virtue dear,
Long had his manhood braved th' inclement sky,
Rear'd his young shoots, and bid the world revere
"A good man striving with adeversity."

But ah! he's gone, what boots the silent tear,
Why let affliction heave the swelling breast?
Can melancholy, back his spirit bear
Or give a father to his children blest.

Ah no! yet still shall he be honour'd here,
As future years, shall hear his friends relate,
On this sad day, with many a grateful tear
The manly virtue's that were snatch'd by fate.

SELECTED POETRY.

PARODIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

If Lobsters be the sauce for Turbot, heap on;
Give me another plate—that so the appetite
May gormandize before the season's out—
That smack again;—it had a luscious relish;
Oh, it came o'er my palate like sweet jelly,
That doth accompany a haunch just touch'd,
Stealing and giving odour! enough,—no more—
O pamper'd taste! how quickly cloy'd thou art,
That, notwithstanding my capacious eye
Is bigger than my paunch, naught enters there
Of what high price and rarity soever,
But turns to chalk-stone, and the gnawing gout,
Even in a minute! such pains do lurk unseen
In dishes season'd high, fantastical.

TWELFTH NIGHT. i. 1.

To wed? or, not to wed?—that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for a man t' endure
The wants and cravings of a scanty fortune,
Or to take refuge in a fair one's arms,
And by espousing end them? to wed?—t' unite—
No more—and by that match to say we end
The plague of keeping house, and other cares
A Bachelor's heir to—'tis accommodation
Devoutly to be wish'd—To wed? t' unite—
T' unite?—perchance be hen-peck'd—there's the rub—
For in that hasty deed what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off this single state,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes celibacy of so long life;
For who would bear the creeping waste of time,
The spendthrift's loss, the miser's contumely,
And distant kin cursing our death's delay,
The insolence of long-kept servants, and the frauds
That patient ignorance of the tradesmen takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare ring? who would the mark'd tax bear,
And sit down daily to a solitary meal,
But that the dread of something after marriage,
A scolding wife! from whose outrageous tongue
No priest can loose us, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others which we think much worse.
Thus selfishness makes cowards of us all:
And thus the native strength of constitution
Wears out, through this pale cast of thought;
And lovely women, of great wealth and beauty,
With this neglect are suffered to go by,
And so the family name is lost.——But see,
In charming weeds the widow!—in thy rich dowry,
Lady! be all my debts o'erpaid. HAMLET. iii. 1.

EPIGRAM.

On the Marriage of an Ancient Maiden to a tall and athletic Gymman.

Blest, says the Sacred Text, are those
That on the Prop of Faith rely:
Sabina heard this truth, and chose
A PILLAR OF DIVINITY.

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